Start the New Year with a "John Bull" Pen.—See Coupon, Page 13.

JOHN BULL

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

NO UNLABELLED

NESTLE'S MILK

and it has always been a condition of sale that it shall not be re-sold, except under its original 'Nest Brand' label, *and such label shall not be removed, altered or obliterated*

Cash Price 1/1½ per tin

This announcement is made as a warning to the public against any unscrupulous trader who offers unlabelled tins or other receptacles, as genuine Nestlé's Milk, and we shall be most grateful to anyone who will refer to us any such case which comes to their notice, so that we may take the necessary steps to protect ourselves.

Nestlé & Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Co.

6 & 8, Eastcheap, London, E.C. 3, AND BRANCHES.

FOOD FOR ALL IF—

BY HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

Why put it off?

That little home you've set your heart on—why not go to the "Midland" and furnish it to-day? Very little furniture is now being made; but at the "Midland" you still get over £100,000 worth of beautiful furniture to select from: at the "Midland" the prices still give you the utmost possible value for every shilling you spend.

Money buys more at the "Midland."

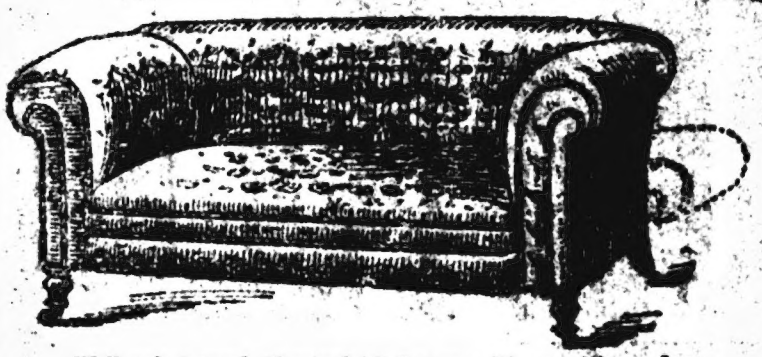
Nowhere else can you get the benefit of the "Midland" Ideal Terms, which enable you to choose at your leisure and to pay at your convenience, out of income, without touching your War Loan investments.

The "Midland" charge no interest, no extras whatever. If you avail yourself of the Ideal Terms you get Free Fire, Life and Air Raid Insurance; if you prefer to pay in cash or War Bonds, you get 10% discount. Either way, it always pays to furnish at the "Midland"—and the sooner the better.

Ideal Terms
(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Month.
£10 - £20	5 6
£20 - 0	11 0
£30 - 0	16 6
£40 - 1	2 0
£50 - 1	7 6
£100 - 2	15 0
£200 - 5	10 0
£500 - 13	15 0

Larger amounts pro rata.



Well-upholstered Chesterfield Settee, with or without drop ends as desired. Thoroughly well sprung and covered with various shades of art tapestry. £8 18s. 6d.

An exceedingly comfortable Easy Chair, double sprung, sumptuously upholstered and covered in art tapestry to customer's choice. An exceptional bargain at £4 14s. 6d.

10% Discount for Cash and War Loan Scrip.

Rail Fares Paid.
Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Country Orders
packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

At the 'Midland' customers can obtain Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance.

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies.

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station. Five minutes from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 8. Saturdays—9 till 4.

Why [illegible]t it off?

[illegible]at little home you've set your [illegible]t on—why not go to the "Midland" [illegible] furnish it to-day? Very little [illegible]iture is now being made; but at [illegible] "Midland" you still get over [illegible]0,000 worth of beautiful furniture to [illegible]ct from: at the "Midland" the [illegible]es still give you the utmost possible [illegible]e for every shilling you spend.

[illegible]oney buys more at the "Midland."

[illegible]where else can you get the benefit of the [illegible]idland" Ideal Terms, which enable you [illegible]se at your leisure and to pay at your [illegible]me, without touching your War Loan

[illegible]o interest, no extras whatever. If you avail [illegible] Terms you get Free Fire, Life and Air [illegible] you prefer to pay in cash or War [illegible] 10% discount. Either way, it [illegible]s to furnish at the "Mid- [illegible]—and the sooner the better.

An exceedingly comfortable Easy Chair, double sprung, sumptuously upholstered and covered in art tapestry to customer's choice. An exceptional bargain at £4 14s. 6d.

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15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station, 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 8. Saturdays—9 till 1.

TOMMY'S TRENCH TROUBLES.

Poor Tommy and his pals have much to endure, and anything we can do to make life more bearable ought to be done. Here are preparations which will meet the pressing needs of one or another, as the case may be. They are all useful, and are provided by the well-known

Shadforth Public Prescription Service

[illegible] (Formula [illegible].)
[illegible]
Price [illegible], and 7s. [illegible]

[illegible] (Formula [illegible].)
Lanolin, Menthol, Pine Oil, &c.
A valuable chest and throat [illegible] in cold and damp weather.
Price [illegible]

[illegible] (Formula [illegible].)
A [illegible] sulphate of soda tablet. With directions.
Price [illegible]

[illegible] POWDER. (Formula [illegible].)
Naphthalene, Eucalyptus, Creosote.
Completely prevents the attacks of vermin.
Price [illegible] and [illegible]

[illegible] TABLETS. (Formula [illegible].)
[illegible] in [illegible]
One tablet [illegible] tablespoonful of ink.
Price [illegible]

ANTI-CHILBLAIN GLOVES. ([illegible])
Cotton. One size only. To be worn in bed.
Price [illegible] per pair.

[illegible] CHILBLAIN & FROST-BITE OINTMENT. (Formula [illegible].)
Lanolin, Witch Hazel, Eucalyptus.
Price [illegible]

ANTI-CHILBLAIN AND TRENCH FEET SOCKS FOR CONSTANT WEAR. (No. 8131.)
Half-Hose. Men's size only.
[illegible] per pair.

ANTI-CHILBLAIN SLEEPING SOCKS. ([illegible])
To be worn in bed. All wool. One size only.
Price [illegible] per pair.

SUSPENSORY BANDAGES.
For protection, health and comfort. From [illegible] to [illegible]
Booklet No. 44 gives particulars. Price [illegible] post free.

[illegible], PAINS IN THE STOMACH, CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS. (Formula [illegible].)
Will relieve bilious attacks, sick headache, and some forms of bowel indigestion. Useful in the home or in the soldier's knapsack.
Barbadoes Aloes, Capsicin, Pure Olive Oil, Soft Soap.
With directions. Price [illegible] (144), or [illegible]

FORCED MARCH TONIC. (Formula [illegible].)
Nux Vomica, [illegible], Cola, [illegible].
Will help you over the stile.
In pills. Price [illegible] and [illegible] (100). With directions.

VALUABLE HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Being written in plain English, they practically speak for themselves. Look carefully through the list, note your needs, and order accordingly.

[illegible] AND BLADDER IRRITATION. (Formula [illegible].)
[illegible], Venice Turpentine, [illegible], [illegible], Couch [illegible], [illegible] Root, [illegible] Root, [illegible].
Dose: 1 or 2 pills thrice daily. Liberates formalin, possesses germicidal and [illegible] properties. Used in Cystitis and Prostatitis.
Price [illegible] (100), [illegible] (300.) Pamphlet [illegible] price 1d.

RASH, [illegible] ERUPTIONS, HARD OR SOFT [illegible], SWOLLEN GLANDS. (Formula [illegible].)
(Deeper Seated Blood Impurities.)
[illegible], Quinine, Mercury, Iodide, Mercuric Chloride, Nux Vomica, Stillingia, Jacaranda, Sarsaparilla.
In tablets [illegible] (36), [illegible] (144) [illegible] (432), with directions.

[illegible], SORE NOSE, THROAT AND CHEST, TIGHTNESS OF THE CHEST, COUGH. (Formula [illegible].)
(Nasal, Bronchial and Intestinal Catarrh.)
Camphor, Opium, [illegible], Licorice Extract, Aniseed Oil, [illegible] Wood Tar, Creosote.
In pills. With directions.
Price [illegible] (50) and [illegible] (100).

[illegible], [illegible], WEAKNESS, [illegible]. (Formula [illegible].)
Phosphorus, Nux Vomica, Extract Damiana [illegible], Pure Lecithin.
In tablets. Dose: 1 or 2 tablets after each meal. Price [illegible] (33 tablets) and [illegible] (100 tablets).
This formula acts like magic.

HARD OR SOFT CORNS, PAINFUL [illegible]. (Formula [illegible].)
Salicylic Acid, Extract Indian Hemp, Prepared [illegible] Plaster.
Get rid of them with this.
With directions. Price [illegible]

STUFFINESS IN THE NOSE, LOSS OF SMELL, DRY THROAT. (Formula [illegible].)
(Naso-pharyngeal Catarrh.)
Sodium [illegible], Sodium Bicarbonate, Phenol.
Useful in hay fever; removes that stuffy feeling. [illegible] (144 tablets).

HEART, NERVE, AND STOMACH TONIC. (Formula [illegible].)
Nux Vomica Extract, Digitalis, Gentian [illegible], Dandelion Extract.
Dose: 1 or 2 pills after meals.
Price [illegible] (36) and [illegible] (144).

PAINS IN [illegible] AND JOINTS, STIFFNESS, SWOLLEN TOES AND FINGERS. (Formula [illegible].)
(Rheumatic Gout and Arthritis.)
Colchicum Extract, Blue Pill, Comp. [illegible] Pil, Extract Hyoscyamus, [illegible].
Useful in Rheumatic Gout, Sciatica, and certain forms of Arthritis. With directions.
Price [illegible] (50), [illegible] (100), [illegible] (300.) Pamphlet [illegible] Price 1d.

PILES, HABITUAL CONSTIPATION, SLUGGISH LIVER, AND ATONIC DYSPEPSIA. (Formula [illegible].)
Cascara, Nux Vomica, Belladonna, and [illegible].
With directions. Price [illegible] (36 pills), [illegible] (144 pills).

Supplied at the prices named, post free (abroad extra), by

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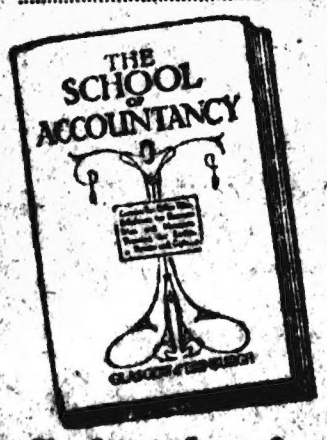

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The Witney Blanket Co.'s Great Sale of Blankets is now on and Thousands of Big Witney Blanket Bargains are on offer, including large stocks of Throws and Rugs at 25 p.c. discount, also Remnants and clearing Lots of special goods at remarkably low prices.

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The Witney Blanket Co., Ltd., send free to each applicant a parcel of dainty "Miniature Blankets" as patterns, daintily fully made and decorated with pretty borders.

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Buying direct from Witney is simple and most satisfactory. The patterns bring forth expressions of delight from all. They show the exact article in various grades and prices.

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Send for the patterns to-day by filling in Coupon. "Direct from Witney" will then come the parcel of absorbing interest, showing best value in blankets. Many testimonials constantly received. Don't miss the exceptional bargains now obtainable. Get the finest warm wool Blankets from Witney. Large Stock of Army Flannels.

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Wonderful is Warmth for all. To sleep warm is an aid to health.

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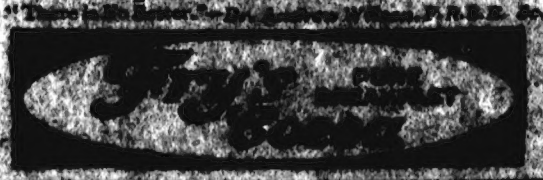

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 13.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXIII. No. 605. Week ending Saturday, January 5th, 1918. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER*."

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Another Fallen Idol.

So Jellicoe has gone! Well, good luck to his successor, Admiral Something-or-the-other Wemyss; but we *do* wish he would drop that monocle!

A Fleet Disappointment.

Whatever the reasons for the change, it will be anything but popular with the Fleet—where, during our visit, we found Jellicoe quite an idol. But we suppose, after this latest North Sea "incident," some change was inevitable.

Still Pure.

We hear that our recent challenge to the authorities to prosecute us over the *affaire Bottomley*—as the French would call it—was duly referred to the Law Officers. That's all!

Well Done, Rothermere!

Mannheim was fairly good—for a start. But what about Cologne? Afraid of hurting the Cathedral, we suppose.

Back to the Fold.

Don't be very surprised if, when Sir George Cave shortly becomes Master of the Rolls, Sir John Simon returns to the Ministry as Home Secretary.

"F. E." in America.

By the way, what is the Attorney-General doing in the United States? Following so closely on the visit of the Lord Chief Justice, it looks as though there were some—legal—work going on at the cross-roads.

The Drummer Boy.

According to the *Port Glasgow Express*, we are the drummer boy—always beating the big drum! Well, if the nation had paid heed to what we were always drumming into its ears before the war, it would have been over by now.

We Blush!

What else can we do when we read this in *Cassell's Saturday Journal*? "Whatever charge his enemies may bring against him, Bottomley stands as one of the best patriots this war has produced." But *have* we any enemies?

A Cryptic Phrase.

Mr. Arthur Henderson says that "if the Government had heeded his warnings when he returned from Russia, the appalling conditions now prevailing might have been avoided." Will Mr. Henderson be more explicit? What *were* his warnings?

Labour.

We do not share the view that the day of a Labour Government is dawning. "Labour leaders" are one thing—the working classes are another. Imagine the future Government of Britain and her Empire being "settled" by Messrs. Bernard Shaw, Sidney Webb and Granville Barker. Talk about the Three Tailors of Tooley Street! At an early date we will deal with the whole question of Labour's place in the State.

The German Colonies.

The Kaiser says that "in no event will Germany give up her Colonies." That is "a great, big, thumping lie."

"Watch Russia."

Keep your eye on our mad "Ally." What price Kerensky and Korniloff?

A Padre's Suggestion.

This from a well-known Chaplain to the Forces: "Couldn't you manage to form a Company out of the Members of Parliament and muddlers, and send them out as stretcher bearers?" But our Company-promoting days are over!

Mr. McAlpine.

We are still awaiting a reply to our question as to the relationship of this gentleman—of hut contract fame—to a famous politician.

"Come On, Japan."

So Japan has told Russia that, whatever her internal troubles, she must dub up what she owes. A similar intimation from Britain wouldn't do any harm.

Enemy Aliens.

Why on earth doesn't the *Gazette* publish a weekly list of all enemy aliens registered in this country—so that the local Press could copy the names?

In Extremis!

Having observed that the Town Clerk of Chesterfield has been dealing with the problem of food queues in his borough, Lord Rhondda has wired him to come with all speed to the assistance of the Ministry of Food. To such straits are we driven!

Crowded Courts.

May we suggest to the authorities that when prisoners are placed in the docks of small police courts on serious charges, the crowd of visitors should be kept out of reach? The other day, at Marlborough Street, several people were actually talking to the man Voisin!

A Good Suggestion.

Paraphrasing our recent article, "If I were Dictator," the *Passing Show* says, "I would denaturalise, *disinfect*, and intern every German-born man in the country." We thank our rib-splitting contemporary for the suggestion we have emphasised.

Who is "R. H. Benson"?

We ask this question because the name is constantly appearing in the Personal column of the *Times*, apropos of a mysterious series of messages of a family character. The only R. H. Benson we remember was the famous novelist—the Roman Catholic son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury. What says the *Times*? We don't like these cryptic messages.

A Cruel Telegram.

Ten days after L.-Cpl. Park died at Netley, the Hospital people sent a telegram to his widow, stating that he "is worse this evening." That was cruelly stupid bungling, calling for investigation on the spot.

The Marple Way.

This is better. Marple Council, needing a Gas-and-Water Collector, salary £140 a year, did the right thing by appointing a discharged soldier, one who had left a foot behind him in France. The change is refreshing—so many ex-soldiers having been overlooked for similar berths.

Woolwich Arsenal.

Is the Arsenal properly secured and guarded against the intrusion of strangers? Some time ago we showed that the answer was emphatically in the negative, and even now it is No. We have in our possession detailed information, which we prefer not to print, but which is at the disposal of the Woolwich authorities.

A Transformation Scene.

A lofty room at the Railway Clearing House accommodated 50 clerks. Now that the Government has taken it over, for temporary clerks (female), all the mahogany desks have been exchanged for expensive roll-tops, lath and plaster partitions put up, and rolls of lino laid, and rugs are expected. There will now be accommodation for only 24 girls, whose work could be done by smart youngsters fresh from school.

Held by the Enemy.

Is there no law to assist a British subject whose income came from Belgium until Germany seized it, and who, with his wife and children, may be turned into the street unless his landlords hold their hands? The hard case we have in view comes from Hailsham, where the landlords have secured an Eviction Order against a man in this unfortunate position. Surely they have compassion enough not to proceed to ruthless extremities.

A Tragic Affair.

After a Panel doctor and three other medical practitioners had upon various technical grounds declined to attend her in child-birth, a Mrs. Hutchinson, of Heywood, was conveyed three miles to Bury Infirmary—where mother and child died. When pressed, Sir Edwin Cornwall, on b half of th National Insurance Fund, returned a most unsatisfactory reply, which cannot, in common decency, be accepted as the last word on the subject.

A Nasty Christmas Box.

Following Willesden and Park Royal, hundreds of girls were discharged at Coventry just before Christmas, on the plea of shortness of work. If, as we are informed, they were discharged without notice, leaving them moneyless for their fares home—some homes being at a considerable distance—such cruelty is a poor reward for coming so nobly into the labour market. It should be quite possible for a shortage of work to be foreseen and a week's notice given for the girls to prepare in.

A Home of Rest.

There is material for the comb at the City Exhibition Hall, Manchester. No skilled work is done, but the Board of Trade Section unpacks material, looks at it, and packs it up again. Bossing the show are foremen, charge-hands, checkers, and storekeepers, walking about with pencil and paper. They could well be spared, women and ex-soldiers replacing them. But all "munitions" seem barred to Tommies. A woman learns her machine in three weeks. Tommy must not do that; he is put to floor-sweeping or labouring.

A Measly Christmas.

It seems that many soldiers on leave from the Front, for Christmas were unable to return to their homes in Leicester on account of an epidemic of measles in the town. Nine German measles, let us hope, though the Herr Ramsay von Macdonaldbacher, M.P., is the anti-representative of the constituency.

A Seasonable Connection.

What connection there is between whisky and scrap-iron—perhaps the reverse—will be told us, and thus account for one of the properties of a celebrated brand of spirits being appointed Controller of that useful metal. We can assure him there are thousands of tons of it lying derelict in France, which Tommy would gladly exchange for a few cases of his "Johnny Walker."

"Irish, Quite Irish."

If you want Irish butter you had better live in Bradford, Yorks, and say your name is Schwartz. Then perhaps the Sinn Fein producer, who won't deal with folk with English names, may send you supplies. Even an Englishwoman who has had the bad luck to marry a man with a German name gets the stuff. No such luck for Smith, Brown and Robinson. What does Lord Rhondda think of it?

Rank Sedition.

A "secret" circular lately distributed in Ireland announced the determination of the Irish Volunteers "to complete by force of arms the work begun by the men of Easter week." In matters legal we defer to the Chief Secretary, Mr. Duke, as a learned King's Counsel, but if this is not criminal sedition, we will eat a pound of war-bread. Has any action been taken to bring to book the authors of this atrocious manifesto?

Freedom for Women.

Some noble lord, rolling through his connet, has remarked that if women do not come forward more, there would be Compulsory Service for Women. But we think not. If there is one thing more than another the soldier prizes, it is the sole freedom of the woman folk. What else is at the back of his thoughts when he fights? Besides, the women have done so magnificently that our noble friend's utterance [illegible] pitiful.

Rector's Big Sweet Tooth.

The Rev. George William Daubeny, of Knodishall, Suffolk, has about as big a tooth for sugar as we have ever seen in a Rectory. To fill that tooth he has been doing a hoarding deal with one Rivers, a Leiston grocer. The sugar was loaded into his motor-car by two of the grocer's boys—"one or two hundredweights," said a spectator. The Rector pleaded that he was "in perfect ignorance of the Order," but the Chairman of the Bench as good as said "That's all my eye," and mulcted him in £5 and costs; also the said Rivers in £5 and costs—cheaper fees than some Magistrates we wot of would have charged them.

Glasgow's Germans.

The rest of the kingdom will share Glasgow's indignation at the continued presence in that city of unnaturalised alien enemies. Following the case of the young Austrian employed by the Glasgow Agency of the Coats Thread Combine, comes that of Georg Neuhaus, a German of military age, engaged as a Departmental head by a firm of chemical exporters. As in the former case, partners in the firm are naturalised Germans—whilst it has branches in Neutral countries and in Germany. Like the other Hun, Neuhaus was interned in 1914, but subsequently let loose, and is now free to live in luxury and do as he pleases. What are the Glasgow authorities doing?

"John Bull" is the only weekly journal that insures you against air raids free. Sign Coupon on page iii of Cover.

Profiteering Old Swaddies.

About 100 old soldiers are engaged as civilian subordinates at the School of Musketry, Hythe. It is trying work, as they have to lie about for hours, not able to move, for the purpose of training men passing through the school. They are supposed to receive the local standing wage, which is 30s., but they get only 28s.—not enough to keep them in health. Will not the War Office spring the other 7s.? Surely the times justify it.

Another Dublin Bull.

They had a meeting of the City Council in Dublin a few days ago, when the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor discoursed at length on the food supply. "It would be a crying evil," he said, "to leave the poor people without milk. It would be a wise thing if the Corporation would take the bull by the horns and deal with the matter." With great respect to his Lordship, that is not an appropriate way to deal with the matter. The appropriate way is to take the cow by the teats in the good old-fashioned style.

One Lady, Five Slaveys.

A Good Cook is wanted, says an advertisement, by Mrs. Hunt, Southwood, Torquay. The following information is supplied: "One lady; four maids." In these days—when most women are looking, not for cooks, but for food—one lady with four maids who needs another servant to cook for her, is setting an extremely bad example of thoughtless luxury and wasted woman-power. A little exercise in toasting her own bloater would do her a power of good, physically and mentally.

A Shipping Absurdity.

Why are all the vessels bound from the East Coast down Channel compelled to steam or sail to Southend to report and get their orders? It often means a delay of two or three days, and in more than one case ships have been sunk owing to this deviation, while others have lost anchors and chains and had to be towed into the safety of Sheerness. There is no reason why orders should not be received from the Edinburgh Lightship, which is in the direct route and could be kept in close touch with the shore by means of wireless.

"Law for Ladies."

The Mayor of Preston courteously explains that he did not say, concerning a woman before him, that she would have been differently dealt with "if she had been in a humbler walk of life." The reporter of a local newspaper, says the Mayor, left out the word "not," and his Worship's comment was actually the direct opposite of that attributed to him. As we based our criticism on what we read—the local paper made a very great feature of the alleged remark—we gladly, and unreservedly, accept the Mayor's assurance that such an expression did not, and never could, come from him.

Too Much Policeman.

As things appear on the evidence in Court, P.C. Wattam, of Hull, has rather too much of the Hun about him. In arresting Private Blackburn, of the East Yorks, who has been thrice wounded and recently in hospital, Wattam made a forcible entry into the house of the young soldier's mother without warning, committing such a brutal and unjustifiable assault upon him that his face was "in an awful state." That the Magistrates took a very serious view of the case is proved by the fact that they fined P.C. Wattam £5, or thirty days. It is monstrous that a policeman should have conducted himself in this way, and our suggestion is that he has missed his vocation. As a constable, he goes very much too much on the strike.

Profiteer, There and Everywhere.

Though we must have answered the question about a thousand times, people are still clamouring to know why the Government allow profiteering. For one reason, because the Government stand in for 80 per cent. of the swag.

The Song of the Shirt.

Hood sang "The Song of the Shirt" many years ago, but its dreadful lines still ring true. In hard-hit Thanet, a woman of 58 makes army shirts on her machine. By working five hours a day she can make one large shirt—and earn sevenpence. She makes six shirts a week, and receives 3s. 6d. She has to find cotton for buttonholes, and extra light to work by. "O men, with mothers and wives, It is not linen you're wearing out, But human creatures' lives!"

A Lady Nurse.

Recently we told how one nurse, the first called out, was still working like a heroine, without badge or mark of any kind. The mother of a dear boy who died at Shotley Hospital remembers her, and writes us thus: "All the nurses were very kind, but I shall always remember the kindness of this lady to my son and myself. If a mother's prayers and good wishes are any reward for good work, she will be rewarded." We believe that lady nurse will wish for no sweeter recompense.

Greetings from—Saxony!

"White Heather for Luck" is the title of Six Greeting Post Cards, an "Ideal Series," issued by Messrs. Davidsons. They contain Scottish verses, messages "Frae Scotia's Heather Hills," addressed "To my Friend at the Front." Tied with tartan ribbon is a sprig of heather. Not at all a bad card for Jock, until one reads the horrid imprint: "Art print in Saxony." We wish to know how it comes that cards dealing with the war can, at the end of the Year of Grace 1917, be Art-printed in Saxony and distributed at home. On the face of them, they do not claim to be "pre-war" stock.

A Cranky Notion.

West Norfolk Free Churches discussed the Day of National Prayer. The Rev. A. Banham, Primitive Methodist, put in a curious spoke. He wanted to know "what they were to be thankful for, and what they were to pray for? He did not believe in praying for victory. What did it mean? The crushing of German trade, so that some of our tradesmen might gain by it. We should pray for guidance and, with open minds, meet some of our enemies and endeavour to come to some understanding." And that is how battles are lost and won, in the mind of a most primitive Methodist.

Time-Losing at Attleborough.

In reference to our recent "Candid Communication" to Messrs. Rufus Jones and Son, of Attleborough—in which we remarked upon the inadequacy of the wages alleged by parents in Court to have been paid to "children" prosecuted for time-losing—the firm dispute the statement, and they point out that the children concerned were between 14 and 15 years of age; that important Government work upon which they were engaged was interrupted; and that the average "piecework" wages paid were 3¾d. an hour, not 2¾d., as alleged, and "equal to 17s. 6d. per week." Messrs. Jones further inform us that they prosecuted "simply as a warning, with a view to putting a stop to a growing practice of girls leaving their work just whenever they pleased, thereby causing serious delay to important Government contracts in hand."

Are you collecting "John Bull" Pen Coupons? If not, start to-day. See Coupon, page 13.

WILD WORDS FROM WELLS.

NOVELISTS' NONSENSE AND PLAIN TRUTH.

By Charles Palmer.

WHEN, in the name of common sense, are our fiction writers going to cease their fooling and return to the business they really understand? I am heartily tired of the columns of sickly trash poured forth by such men as H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett. In their own sphere they are justly valued; they can write wonderful stuff of the imaginative kind—they can even deal with the war atmosphere in such a story as "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" with feeling and power. But when a Wells or a Bennett forsakes his last and poses as a publicist, he shows the barrenness of his ideas, he betrays his ignorance of the fundamental issues of the world war. Both these writers of fiction have recently been discussing war aims, and both have come to the same conclusion—that the only way to end satisfactorily the conflict is by bringing about a revolution in Germany. Mr. Wells—who has recently invented a new religion which is a miserable travesty of the real thing, and has tried to scatter the seeds of Republicanism in England—is now all for a German republic, and, like his fellow-fictionist of "The Three Towns," detects in this country a deliberate design on the part of certain "pampered and privileged traitors"—of whom, by the way, the doddering Lord Lansdowne is one—to bring about a peace while the Kaiser is still on the throne. Really, these imaginative gentlemen, to quote one of them, "make me sick." And my nausea is increased when it is actually suggested that we may conceivably turn Germany into a republic without smashing into smithereens the German army and bringing the German people to their knees. If these novelist chaps can't find sufficient occupation in their own line to keep them busy, let them remain idle or do canteen work. The canting stuff they are doling out by the yard does harm to themselves—which really doesn't matter—but, what is of more moment, it does cruel hurt to the Allied cause. We are told that if only we can convince the dear German people that we mean no harm to them; that we are ready to let bygones be bygones, and to lie down with the dirty scoundrels who have ravished the women of Belgium and murdered by unfair warfare the innocent little children—if, in a phrase, we will "lower the price of peace" to Germany, we may have peace at that price. I say in all seriousness, that war is treason talk. There can, and should, be no lowering of the price. There must be no talk of any road to victory except over the piled-up bodies of the German soldiers. See there be no mistake; so long as the Kaiser and his unhallowed crew hold up unbeaten heads on the battlefield, there will be no peace on earth, and, what is even more important, no permanent peace in the world. Unless the blood of our best has been sacrificed in shame and in humbug, we must crush German militarism by a crowning military victory, and we must bring the nation which rang joy-bells for the *Lusitania* murders to its knees in humble submission. Mr. Bennett takes it upon himself to chide the Prime Minister because in his Guild's speech he said "the only aim worth talking about was 'victory,'" whilst the League of Nations "was mentioned in order to be dismissed with a half-sneer." Wasn't Mr. Lloyd George right? Of course he was. Without victory, all is dross; unless we break Prussian militarism and humble German pride, that pretty dream of the idealist—a world of policemen keeping each other from picking and stealing, from lying and covetousness—would prove as hollow as a pantomime joke. We are actually to "soothe and reassure" the German people. Soothe a nation which has produced an army of hellish fiends; reassure a people that has been bred on lies and reared in arrogance! Mr. Wells denounces the scheme "for some precious commercial league of the British Empire," as if we haven't a right to buttress ourselves against the kind of chicanery and robbery which left us in dire danger when war broke out. If we wait for a revolution in Germany, we shall lose the war in the waiting.

WHO ARE THE ENGLISH?

A PLEA FOR SCRAPPING NATIONAL HUMILITY.

By John Fleay.

BY this time you have probably broken most of your New Year's resolutions, and you may be ready to listen to the resolution I propose you should take—that is, if you are an Englishman. No, I don't mean British—I mean English; and the Irish, the Scottish, the Welsh, the Manx and the Britons from overseas can just jump on to another article. I am talking to the English—it sounds almost shocking. Who *are* the English? They are an obscure people, inhabiting that portion of the British Isles which lies south of Scotland and east of Ireland and Wales. They practically man the Navy; they provide an overwhelming percentage of our armies; they are the race upon whose strong, steadfast qualities the glory of Great Britain has been mainly built—but it isn't polite to mention them in Society or the Press, because the Scot, or the Irishman, or the Welshman, or the Dominion man might be offended. It's British, if you please; and very often an exceptionally intelligent Printer's Reader takes the trouble to make the alteration to save a row. And we take that sort of thing lying down. Good God! we are so confoundedly humble. And that is why the whole world gets the notion that this war is being won by everybody except Englishmen, and that all we do is to muddle things up. The carpet of white crosses over beyond there should tell a different tale, but the men who died for us have left no voice behind. Why, it was years before we could get English regiments mentioned in the papers, and it is still considered a slight somehow to other nations to mention that most of the Britons who marched from Mons and died at "Wipers" were Englishmen. And so the resolution I want you English to take for 1918 is this: Don't be humble any longer! Be proud you are Englishmen. Cock your bonnet and strut as if you were a Scot, an Irishman or a Welshman. Be conceited with your manners and customs and your ways of speech. Say "I do this because I'm English, and that's the English way, and it strikes me as being the best and properest way of doing it that was ever thought of." You believe that in your heart, don't you? You know that England is the finest country on God's earth, don't you? You know that there was never beauty like the beauty of its brown fields, its meadows, cosy hedgerows, healthy moorlands and tarry hills, don't you? You know that never anywhere has the sea been so proudly met as by our English cliffs. You know that never has there been a race stronger and sounder than our English race, don't you? Then why don't you shout it out? Why don't you let the world know what you think of your own folk? Don't you see that the foreigner mistakes us in terms of our humility? There is a lot of talk about Irish Home Rule; there is some talk about Scotch Home Rule, and there would be talk about Welsh Home Rule if a Welshman were not the ruler of England. But what we want is English Home Rule. We don't always want to be bothering about other people's affairs, and to have other people bothering about our affairs. We want Englishmen to rule Englishmen. We want the affairs of Cambridgeshire or Carnarvon to be as important as the affairs of Canada or Ulster, and the colonisation of Dorset as urgent as the colonisation of Australia. But that can never happen unless you resolve to be proud of your nation, and to let the world see your pride. After all, we *do* refer to ourselves as English when we are abroad, and you never heard a foreigner speak of England as Britain, did you? Then why do it at home?

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, K.C.B., First Sea Lord, Admiralty.

DEAR ADMIRAL,—Your appointment as First Sea Lord is one which I suppose naturally follows from the displacement of Sir John Jellicoe. The causes for this change are as obscure as the consequences which may flow from it, but as there is no pretence in the official *communiqué* that Sir John has resigned, it will be widely assumed that he has been superseded for some weakness or mismanagement. In you, Sir Rosslyn, we are to have once more new lamps for old, and my hope and faith must be that they will light us in greater safety farther on our still distant way. JOHN BULL.

To Josiah Dawson, 2, Kimberley Road, Cambridge.

DEAR BULLY,—Again I use the term I was compelled to employ a few months ago, when you were convicted of an unprovoked assault upon one of your tenants, whose rent you had illegally raised. Now I see you are at it again—not with your fists, it is true, but with a trumpery and vexatious action in the Cambridge County Court, in which, as I am happy to see, you have been adjudged to pay treble costs. What on earth you can hope to gain by this continual badgering and bullying of your unfortunate tenants is more than I can guess. The only thing you have earned so far are the hostility of your neighbours and the contempt of all just men. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Dr. Warschauer, Stephenson Street, Shields.

DEAR SIR,—I suppose it's all on account of your unfortunate name, but in your sermons sometimes you get muddled. You began very finely the other day about the taking of Jerusalem, and all that sort of thing. But then you went on to show how everything was all wrong and we were all going to blazes—and why don't we listen to dear Dr. Inge, who has lately been praising the Germans—state our war aims and not have no secret Treaties, never no more. If only you clergymen would stick to Jerusalem, it would be all right. As it is——oh, go to Jericho! JOHN BULL.

To Herbert Parkinson, Fish Merchant, Grimsby.

DEAR MERCHANT,—The other day you bought a bicycle lamp for twopence from a seven-year-old boy. I am quite at a loss to understand why you should have been so sweetly and politely treated by the Grimsby Bench when the lad was convicted of the theft. While ordering the youngster to be birched for stealing the lamp, the Magistrates merely disallowed your expenses as a witness. However, the lesson for you is plain. Stick to your fish. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. James Rhiershausen, Tudor House, Hampton Wick.

DEAR MR. WHAT'S-YOUR-NAME,—I see that you have been in trouble and in luck—both at the same time. For a flagrant breach of the Motor Spirit Restriction Order you have been fined £5. However, seeing that the maximum penalty for such offences is £100, you did not come off so badly. Perhaps if your name had been shorter, the fine might have been larger. One never knows! JOHN BULL.

To H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS.—I hail with joy your announcement to the Royal Patriotic Fund Corporation that it is hoped to bring the pensions paid to Boer War widows to the level of those paid to widows made by the present war. I crave your consideration for the widows of the Egyptian War (the Nile Expedition for the Relief of General Gordon), whose pension has never exceeded 5s. weekly, and was at one time even less. Most of these widow women are now old, and not able to work and earn, and I need not tell you that their present income from a grateful country is too pitifully scanty. I doubt not that your heart will open to this my appeal on behalf of those grand old ladies. JOHN BULL.

To Sir Donald Maclean, M.P., Chairman, House of Commons Tribunal.

DEAR SIR DONALD,—You have in general displayed so much sanity, justice and sympathy in your position as Chairman of the House of Commons Tribunal that I am thoroughly puzzled to understand why, on one day recently, you took the last of the sons of a woman ("she was unable to work herself, and her husband only casually owing to rheumatism") who had three sons already in the Army, and on another day adjourned to be graded the case of an oboe player at the Drury Lane Theatre on the somewhat flimsy, though doubtless perfectly honest, representation that he was "one of the few oboe players in the country." Good heavens! Haven't we sent skilled engineers into the Army to peel potatoes and wash dishes? And is an oboe player greater than these? JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. W. St. Geo. Coldwell, Thrapston, Northants.

DEAR PARSON,—I was very interested in your statement, in reply to criticisms, at a recent meeting of the Thrapston Rural District Food Control Committee, that you had always bought a whole year's supply of tea at a time, and by God's help you always would. Those, of course, were not your exact words, but you will, I am sure, agree that they faithfully interpret your meaning. Now I see that, on the strength of your confession, the Clerk to the Committee, of which you are a member, is to write to the Food Controller to know if you have done anything wrong, your own conscience apparently having retired on a pension. The matter therefore being *sub judice*, I will say no more—but I am thinking an awful lot. JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. Shearman, Farmer, Blackshaw, Hebden Bridge.

MADAM,—If you are not more careful you will get into serious trouble for tickling Lord Rhondda. While, *pour encourager les autres*, his Lordship advertises that "his Christmas dinner consisted of boiled eggs," you advertise "Farm Apartments—Board Lodgings, 3s. 6d. a day; our own butter, milk, eggs, bacon; *no rationing*." I have long known that farmers were doing themselves well, but certainly I never suspected that one's soul could delight in fatness for 3s. 6d. a day in a farmhouse at Hebden Bridge. Madam, take the bun. If there were not a war on, I would present you with the whole bunnery. JOHN BULL.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

However curious John may be,
There he can only "wait and see."

Billing may charge, and charge again;
Alas! we fear 'twill be in vain.

In the demand for one Command,
Can we detect the Hidden Hand?

THE PE

Food For All—IF!—My Offer

By

THIS will be a very practical article—on a very practical subject; and yet, perhaps, the most vital of all subjects—Food. The other day I was talking to Lord Rhondda, at the Ministry of Food. "*Here*," said he, "the war will be won." "Or lost," I replied; and of a truth it is so. The food problem is the peril of 1918—*whatever happens in the war*. And what are we doing to combat it? *Nothing!* Food Controller! There is *no* control—and yet control is the one thing which is wanted. That the food is there, or that it is procurable, I haven't an atom of doubt; but we are messing and muddling the whole thing to such an extent that, before we fully realise it, the peril will be upon us. *And the peril is revolution.* Why mince words? There is an ugly spirit abroad in the land—and the statesman who doesn't know it is a fool. I do not blame the common people, as we call them. Indeed, their patience and their resignation have been wonderful. But food queues are the Early Door to Riot, and riot is the short cut to Revolution. And all this piffle about "voluntary rationing," and "Leagues of National Safety," and the rest, will be of no avail. It is the old tale of voluntary military service all over again; and, unless we get a move on, when we *do* wake up "Too Late!" will once more be the story. After all—as I have often said—even in days of peace, the first duty of a Government is to feed the people. That duty all our Governments, of all descriptions, have consistently ignored. We had the command of the seas, and, by our wealth, the command of the markets of the world; and so, why worry? That has been the fallacy of the past. The idea of great national granaries, with, at least, a year's stock of food, was never seriously considered—we were too busy with "Tariff Reform" and "Free Trade," and "Church Disestablishment," and "Home Rule"! God forgive us for our folly! And now all the Lord Rhonddas in the world will never be able to undo the mischief—unless armed with absolute, plenary power, *and prepared to use it*. I read that on Christmas Day his Lordship's dinner consisted of two boiled eggs—whilst Lady Rhondda sustained herself on coffee and biscuits! Well, that sort of thing doesn't impress me. The British working man can't get through on coffee and biscuits, nor are two boiled eggs the ideal dinner for the man whose sinew and tissue are daily exhausted in physical toil. Nor, in truth, is there any necessity for such ascetic example, however well it may have been intended.

Food For All—*If!*

You see, I do not share the view that famine is a real danger. There is plenty for all—*if*. But never was there greater virtue in an "if." Mr. Sidney Webb may shout till he is blue in the face that we are confronted with a world-shortage of food, and so may Mr. Prothero. Sir Arthur Yapp, Y.M.C.A., doesn't count! There is plenty for all—*if* we properly produce it, import it, collect it and distribute it; and *if* we properly punish every hoarder, waster, and profiteer. But every day wasted under the present system is a day nearer revolution. I say that deliberately—solemnly; and some day the politicians will thank me for saying it. We look like being in for a hard winter. As I write, the ground is covered with the white snow; let us see to it that it is not turned red. I am no alarmist; nor do I either flatter or fool the people; but I read the signs and portents, and I see old Demos stretching his limbs and rubbing his eyes—*and I want to keep him in hand*. At heart he is the best of fellows, and, provided you are straight with him, and "play the game," he will go with you all the way. He is also the simplest of men. Give him a Vote and tell him that that gives him an equal voice in the government of the country, and he will take it home and play with it for hours! He will even give up his beer if you assure him that it is for the good of the country—and he will relax his Union rules, and do almost anything else in reason which you ask him. *But he won't see the wife and kiddies hungry.* And why should he? Despite Lord Rhondda's eggs and Lady Rhondda's biscuits, he knows that most lords and ladies, and employers and politicians, and other salaried folk, are eating very much as they did before the war, and he wants to be in it. Good luck to him! Well, I have been thinking a good deal about this thing, and, in the end, I have offered my services—free of any payment or other reward—to the Prime Minister. I am actuated by no hostility to Lord Rhondda—an able and distinguished man of affairs, and an enormous improvement upon his predecessor. But he is part of the Government machine—bound by Officialdom and Precedent, and Red Tape. I wandered, the other day, over the new Headquarters of his Department—a great building previously occupied by hundreds of offices, and now swarming with people of all ages, and both sexes, tumbling over each other. They are part—and only part—of the Staff. Ten of them boarded the lift in which I was taken up to one of the top floors—where, for some inscrutable reason, the Controller has his room. Everybody about the place seemed very proud of the new "home"—to which, however, there are still branches in all sorts of other buildings. I wasn't a bit impressed. I kept wondering where the Granaries and the Cold Storages, and the Bakehouses were. And I kept repeating to myself that historic phrase of dear old Campbell-Bannerman's—"Stop this fooling." And I have been thinking about it all ever since, with the result that I have sent this letter to the Premier:—

December 27th, 1917.

MY DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—*Will you give this letter your very serious attention? It is written very seriously—on a very serious subject.*

You do not need to be reminded that, outside Government and Official circles, I wield, for good or evil, more power with the "Man in the Street" than does any other person. I address several millions every week through the Press, and some hundreds of thousands every year from the platform—and I mix with the people, sharing their pleasures and their lives, loving their faults, and marvelling at their virtues. I am, further, in the proud possession

PERIL OF 1918.

Offer to the Premier—A Job for "Little Ben."

By THE EDITOR.

of the confidence of the men in the Army and Navy—amongst whom my journal, JOHN BULL, has earned the somewhat extravagant title of "Tommy and Jack's Bible." And it is in such capacity—that of unofficial Tribune of the Public—that I now approach you.

It is about the Food of the People. The situation is grave. The grim, gaunt spectre of Famine haunts the homes of the poor. But it has the head of Janus; in front, the threatening countenance of Hunger and Starvation—at the back, the face of Selfishness and Plenty and Gluttony. One is scowling at the poor; the other is smiling at the rich—at the hoarder—at the waster—at the profiteer. AND THERE IS AN UGLY SPIRIT ABROAD IN THE LAND—*the rumblings of revolution are in the air. I am using no words of rhetoric—I am telling you the sober, solemn truth. And I want to assist in averting the peril.*

THERE IS NO DANGER OF FAMINE—*in the sense of an insufficiency of food to go round. But there* IS *danger of Hunger—with all the attendant horrors of riot and revolution—amongst the masses, unless the whole problem of food production, acquisition, and distribution is at once tackled in a more drastic manner than has yet been the case.*

Imports of food have been, and are being, terribly bungled.

Production could be enormously increased.

Distribution is casual and chaotic.

Hoarding is rife.

Profiteering is rampant.

Waste is prolific.

Greed and gluttony prevail.

These things can be cured only by a rigid, drastic, relentless system of Control.

EVERY *boat which comes to a British port should bring* SOME *food.*

Every boat should discharge its food cargo at the first British port of call.

Every farmer should be compelled to deliver the whole of his food produce, and stock, to a local Government depot.

Every Stores and shop should declare its total stock of foodstuffs, of every description.

And so should every HOUSE.

(No, there will be no elaborate "Forms." The Return could be made on a sheet of notepaper and left, within a given period, at the nearest Post Office.)

Every shipper should declare, from his Bills of Lading, all foodstuffs in transit.

These are but a few illustrations. And the penalties? What is the good of fines and six months' imprisonment? Penal servitude for the hoarder and the profiteer, and a life sentence for the hog and the waster, with a £1,000 reward for the discovery of any false return, or any infringement of the Rationing Order which would follow the above regulations.

THAT'S *the way—and the only way—of stopping the trouble. I wish you would let* ME DO *it! Clear out the dug-out Colonels who are at present in "control" of "essential foodstuffs"; the Poets and Revue writers who have charge of departments; the "Professors" who adjudicate upon the effects of "war bread," and other unnecessary monstrosities—and all the rest of that weird collection of Principals with which Lord Rhondda is handicapped. By the way, did you hear of that little discovery the other day, when some of those Professors were moved to other premises, of tin boxes full of packets of letters, carefully tied up and labelled "From Invalids—*REQUIRING REPLY"? *That is typical of the whole system which at present exists. An end to it all!*

Goodness knows, I have plenty to do, without taking more on hand. Still, I am quite serious when I say that I am at your service—without fee or reward of any kind. But I am aware that you have "full confidence in your present advisers"; that "the Food Controller is dealing with the whole matter," and that "the various points I have raised are under consideration"—and all the rest of it.

All the same, keep this letter by you. The day may not be far distant when you will hear of me again.

Yours sincerely, HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

A Job for "Little Ben."

Well, that is the letter I have written to the Prime Minister. At the time of going to press I am without a reply. But I want to make another suggestion. There is one man in the House of Commons who knows more about this food question than all the others put together. He is Ben Tillett, member for Salford. I have been reading his maiden speech. It was scantily reported, but it well repays perusal. *He should be asked to take charge of the transport department of the Ministry of Food.* Here is one extract from what he said: "I say with all frankness that if I had my way, I would put under military discipline every factor of food provisions. I would put under naval discipline all who have charge of ships." That is the right sort of stuff to talk. But Ben is more than a talker. He is a worker and an organiser—and he has the ear of the crowd. If I were Food Controller, he would be my first appointment. No cargoes of food would be allowed to rot, I assure you, if he were in control of the docks and the warehouses. In any case, I do earnestly press upon the Prime Minister the desirability of securing the services of this very human Labour Leader. What *is* the use of engaging Civil Servants of the old school, and an army of amateur duds, to deal with a great problem of this kind? The people are prepared for any sacrifice, *if it be a necessary one;* and only the assurance of a tried and trusted leader will convince them on that point. I write with a very deep sense of responsibility, for I *know* things which I dare not put in print. And so does Mr. Lloyd George. We have reached a stage in the war when we are coming into contact with grave, fundamental realities. The line dividing Hunger and Anarchy is a fine one—and we are getting perilously near it. I have said my say, and the written word endures. THE PEOPLE MUST BE FED. Mere Rationing won't do. We must first take stock of the food in hand at home and procurable from abroad; then we must see that all share and share alike. Failing that—well, read history!

BELATED JUSTICE.

PENSIONS MINISTRY AND A SOLDIER'S CLAIM.

In pursuance of our pledge to Tommy and Jack, we are constantly engaged in the investigation of pension complaints, often with substantial success. In our issue of December 1st last, under the heading "The Reward of Service," we described how, after three years with the Colours, a soldier who had voluntarily enlisted in 1914 was finally discharged in April last, but for some reason or other was awarded no pension, while his pay was many months in arrear. Finally, after a series of unavailing appeals to the War Pensions Committee, etc.—involving the writing of no fewer than 158 letters—the matter was brought to our notice, in the hope that a word or two in these columns might procure redress. Noticing our reference to the matter, the Ministry of Pensions applied to us for fuller particulars, which we were, of course, happy to furnish—the upshot being that within a few days the cruel anomaly of the man's position was to a large extent relieved. For one thing, the ex-soldier has at length been awarded a pension of 32s. 6d. a week, with 5s. extra for his one child. Also, he has received £50 arrears of pay, with a complete review of the financial position as between himself and the Army authorities since the beginning of 1915—while the Army Pay Office has promised effective inquiry into certain other matters to which our article drew attention. "Better late than never."

A HARD BARGAIN.

SOLDIER'S WIDOW AND FURNITURE FIRM.

Messrs. W. R. Miller and Co., furniture dealers, of Drummond Street, London, N.W., may be just, but they are not generous; indeed, they seem to lack the common instincts of compassion. Here is a case in point. A woman, whose husband was fighting, bought a bedstead from them, paying a deposit of £1, the balance to be discharged by instalments. Scarcely was the bargain struck, when the poor wife received news of her husband's death in action, bearing with it the prospect of the complete break up of the household. In these sad circumstances, she asked Miller and Co. to rescind the agreement, and accept the return of the bedstead. None too courteously, they refused. Business was business—they could not be bothered with other people's domestic bereavements. Also, an agreement was an agreement, and unless the balance of the purchase money was paid as arranged, the bedstead would be seized and the deposit forfeited. Not a word of pity, not a hint of sympathy, not a fragment of concession. Yet the poor woman did not expect the return of her deposit, but only to be allowed to select a few small articles instead. Had they consented, Messrs. Miller and Co. would have been not a penny out of pocket; also they would have had the credit of a kindly deed.

PROFITEERING THE KIDDIES.

TALE OF A CHILDREN'S CLUB.

A correspondent tells us that there is a shop in Rugeley, Staffordshire, the proprietor of which some three months ago started a Christmas Club for children, who were required to pay in a certain amount, which entitled them to choose the toys they wanted. Our informant allowed his son, a little chap of 10, to join the Club. The lad had his eye on a box of interlocking bricks, price 4s. After paying in 1s. 6d., the shopkeeper raised the price to 5s., owing, he explained, to "the increased cost of manufacture." After the young hopeful had paid in another 1s., the shopkeeper put up the price of the box to 5s. 6d., again on account of the increase in the cost of manufacture. Having paid the final instalment, he landed the box home without further increase in the cost of manufacture—to find that it had been "Made in Germany"! "It stands to reason," argues the parent, "that as the goods were made in Germhuny, they must have been imported. If before the war and the price was 4s., then the extra 1s. 6d. is rank robbery; if not, how is it goods are being imported from Germhuny especially for children?" It is an indecent game for decent citizens—but there it is, and, apparently, it is nobody's official business to put an end to it.

DOWN AT THE DOCKS.

WILLING WORKERS WITHOUT WORK.

Here is a pen-picture, in homely colours, p
Hall:—"I have been a transport worker for
the same firm all the time. Since October 1
38 working days through ships being diverted
but I turned out every morning at six for noth
P.L.A. Exemption. If I had had a Protectio
I should have been at work in the ship-rep
those 38 days. There are hundreds in the sa
to work, but must not be employed. The bo
tells me he dares not employ me without a P
Exemption card being no good to him—nor t
Under these conditions I can't lose bread—b
War Loan with the balance! And I have t
and family. Come down to the Victoria, and
any morning, and see the unemployed going
It is a picture that needs no gloss or varni

A CRUEL CASE.

HEARTLESS FARMER AND HOP-PICKER'S

Mr. Benjamin Thompsett, of Castlemaine,
Kent, is a farmer and hop-grower. Back
picking season, a Canning Town woman, wi
children, went down to work for Mr. Thompset
weeks' picking, the poor woman was the victim
by a quarrelsome neighbour, being so severely i
disabled from further work; whereupon Mr. Th
out reason or excuse, declined to pay her the ba
due to her—a matter of 6s. 2d. Mr. Thompse
was heartless in the extreme. First of all, the
was compelled to walk two-and-a-half miles
vehicle being placed at her disposal; and the
flatly refused to assist her, she had actually ma
after further fruitless tramping, to walk back w
to London, when quite unexpectedly she met
hand. However, it is a pleasure to add that
has to some extent been brought to book,
instrumentality, an action was entered again
Tunbridge Wells County Court for the balance
and, being compelled to yield to the law what
to the claims of justice and compassion, the
the money into Court before the date of hear
doubt, to avoid the publicity which we now gi

HER GERMAN HUSBAND.

SCANDALOUS TREATMENT OF A BRITI

Twenty-one years ago, an Essex girl mar
named Hermann Vorwerk, the marriage t
Southend, without notification to the Ger
Four years later the unhappy woman was d
was not until after the outbreak of war that
his whereabouts. She had been hard put
living—a final attempt to carry on a
defeated by the legal requirement that her
should appear over the premises. In this
appealed to Vorwerk, who has for some years
as a plate cleaner, etc., at the Peebles Hydr
for assistance; and on January 19th, 1916, th
a so-called "mutual agreement" by which
his "lawful and loyal wife" an allowance of
week! A month or two before this date,
smugly congratulating himself upon having
ment. "I must say that I am very luc
at liberty," he wrote to his wife. "I put in
for exemption from internment when they took
Germans away from Peebles." The position
man, earning £1 a week and his keep, her cont
nothing towards his wife's maintenance for 17 ye
he were interned—as he clearly ought to be—sh
an allowance of 11s. 3d. a week. On the
allowed to express some surprise that the
Hydropathic, Limited, should be willing to ab
alien who, to judge by his behaviour towa
wife, is a particularly evil specimen of the

Next week's "Ballots" First Prize—£500, for one week only.

RETURNED WITHOUT THANKS.

KAISER'S PEACE "GOOSE" PROPERLY COOKED.

AN AMAZING CIRCULAR.

ENEMY ALIENS IN BRITISH MUNITION WORKS.

What is to be said of the following letter, issued from the Area Substitution Office, Corporation Street, Birmingham, and addressed to various manufacturers, including munition firms? We print the precious document in full:

> DEAR SIRS,—I have several Enemy Aliens on my books, whom I have been instructed to place with firms engaged on work of National importance, and should be obliged if you would kindly inform me if you are open to interview same, with a view to engaging any of them. Should any man you engage fail to do such work, he would be liable to internment. I may add that they are expected to do any work of which they are physically capable.—Yours faithfully,
>
> J. SMEDLEY CROOKS, Lt.
>
> Area Substitution Offices, Birmingham.

It is difficult to speak in measured terms of this flagrant outrage upon the patriotism of the public—especially of loyal munition workers, who are justly entitled to resent the admission of enemy scum to a share in their responsible tasks. Such a letter as the foregoing, issued upon responsible authority, is a scandal and an atrocity. It offends every patriotic instinct and transgresses every rule of prudence. What are the limits of this mad policy? How many enemy subjects are at this moment engaged upon munitions work in Great Britain? What is the exact nature of their employment? Are they given access to explosive material? Are they admitted to the danger zone? These, and a score of similar questions, demand an immediate answer; while, apart from the manufacture of munitions, we have no patience with the employment of enemy subjects on war-work of any kind, except under the strictest guard as prisoners of war. During this bitter struggle, the liberty of every enemy alien is justly forfeit to the safety of the State, and if we had our way every Hun in the Kingdom, no matter how "harmless," would be behind barbed wire.

MILD AND BITTER.

MAYOR MILD WITH CRUELTY AND BITTER WITH BEGGARY.

It all happened on a Monday at the Northampton Borough Sessions, before his Worshipful Worship the Mayor (A. J. Chown, Esq.) and the following Esquires: Tomes, Campion and Bingley. The one case was a case of devilish cruelty, the other was a case of begging. A woman got fined 40s. for the cruelty. A man got sent to prison for 14 days for the begging. We don't exaggerate when we call the cruelty devilish. Little Frank Lovell—not yet five years old—was all over bruises when they examined him. He was always being knocked about. He has been seen with black eyes; people have heard him screaming "Help!" and "Murder!" And he has been seen brought up from a damp cellar with only a jersey and his shirt on, larruped with a stick, and then sent down to his misery with a curse. Who did this to him? His mother. Why? Because he was dirty. Frank, you see, is an illegitimate child. And so the woman had to pay the price of a "drunk and disorderly," and nothing was said about taking the poor tortured child away. In the other case, an oldish fellow (of 56 years)—William Horner by name—was charged with the horrible offence of having no fixed residence and begging—actually begging!—in the street on Sunday afternoon, when Mayor Chown and the other Esquires are feeling good and sleepy and chock-a-block with food, and don't want to be disturbed by thoughts of the miseries of the poor. Obviously, William Horner had to be sat in a corner—but without his Christmas pie. So he got 14 days. Now, we are not asking for especial sympathy with William. He acknowledges that he is a professional beggar, and as he had five slices of bread and butter on him, it is plain he was setting up in business as a hoarder—which nobody has a right to do who hasn't a fixed address. But the contrast hurts us all the same. Fourteen days for begging; forty shillings for cruelty to a little child!

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My System has abolished all necessity for keyboard drudgery. It is now possible to obtain in a few months a mastery of the pianoofteu unobtainable even after years of laborious practising for several hours daily.

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9,000

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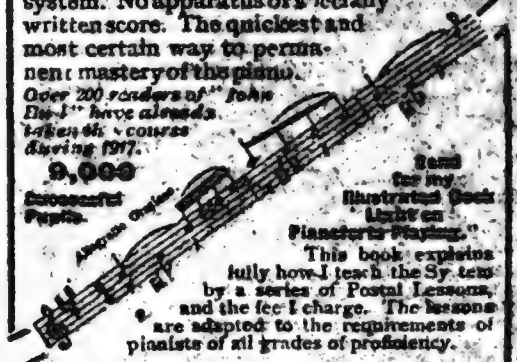

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IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

ADMIRAL JELLICOE.

Good arternoon, sir. And 'ow *are* you, *Hadmiral?* All, I 'ope, well 'ould an' copper bottomed, as you sailors say. Wot'll you 'ave, sir? . . . *A shave?* A clean shave as usual, or are you goin' to let yer meustarche grow now you've got a perition of greater ease an' less responsibility, as good old Joe or somebody said w'en 'e lorst 'is job? . . . *You've nothink to be ashimed of, so you'll keep the same ole face?* That's right, sir. It come as a bit of a shock to me w'en I read as you'd bin retired, sir. It wasn't a perticklar nice Chrismuss present fur you, neither, was it? . . . Oh, I dessay you knew it was a-comin' on, but I don't think the Guv'ment chose a perticklar 'appy moment to make the announcement. Comin' so soon arter the lorss o' that larst convoy, an' that un'appy bizness of the three destroyers off the Dutch coast, the general public, 'elped by the Press, 'll put things together an' come to the conclusion that you've bin given the push. . . . Wot, *your elevation to the peerage ought to prevent that?* Not it! The public's used to seein' failures kicked upstairs and 'ansomely rewarded fur their incompetence. Look at the 'Ouse o' Lords to-day! W'y, bless yer soul, it's 'arf full o' washouts wo've bin shoved in there to be outer the way! . . . *Do I suggest as you're a failure?* No, sir, I don't suggest nuthink o' the sort. I've stood by Jellicoe all along and I'll stand by Jellicoe now, if you'll excuse me fur usin' yore name so free. Wot I'm a-sayin is, that the Guv'ment 'ave chose a awkward time to make the change, from the point of view of yore own interests. It sorter saddles you with the responsibility for the lorses of those merchantmen and warships. . . . I say that's wot it looks like. If it ain't that, then the Guv'ment ought'er say so. It ain't fair to you otherwise, Hadmiral. It's ort very well fur them to say they 'ope to make use of yore services and experience in another important appointment "at a later date." That's the sorter thing people say to yer w'en they wants ter'an the blow. Minjer, if the Guv'ment 'ave come to the conclusion that it's in the interest of the country that you should retire an' let a younger man take yore place, they've done the right thing. The country comes first, and I'm sure you think the same, bein' a patriot and a sailor. But my point is, they might 'ave done it more tactfully, an' not capped it round with so much bloomin' mist'ry. Let's know w'y you're retired. If it's becos you 'aven't riz to the occasion, ort well an' good. The public won't forget yore services in the pawst, and won't think none the less of you fur steppin' aside to make way fur a better man—pussin. But, as things stand, yore sudden retirement sorter blows on yore reputation; and if there ain't good grounds fur it, it ain't fair to you nor to the Navy. Let's 'ave the facks o' the case. The on'y way to kill nasty rumours is to tell the bloomin' truth. Now, on the quiet, *Hadmiral*, just between yer an' me, sub Rosie, as they say, wot is at the bottom of this 'bitter' business? . . . *You mustn't say?* Ort right, sir, ort right. I won't press yer. I understand, sir—the Silent Navy, an' ort, that. But at the same time, I'm dowerright sorry for yer, becos I know wot's bin said about you already, and it's a rough 'un a bloke ain't allowed to defend isself. . . . 'Ow's that, sir? Yern's ain't the easiest face to shave, becos of the creases, but I'm done, me best. . . . Thank you, sir. Good-day, sir—much obliged, I'm shore.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie."

"NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE" (advertisement):—
"OWING TO MARRIAGE, Miss ——, Ladies' Hairdresser, WILL BE CLOSED FOR A FEW DAYS."

"DAILY CHRONICLE" (advertisement):—
"'He gives QUICKLY, who gives TWICE.' Buy a £5 War Bond."

"NEWS OF THE WORLD":—
"He has ONLY ONE ARM, it is true, and only three fingers on the OTHER."

"DARWEN NEWS" (advertisement):—
"Notice Is Hereby Given, that all Persons not having paid their Gas, Water, and Electricity Accounts . . . must pay the same ON OR BEFORE TO-DAY (Saturday), December 1st, 1917."

"BIRMINGHAM DAILY MAIL":—
"Mr. —— WEPT through the Gallipoli campaign, and was awarded the Military Cross."

"IRISH TIMES" (advertisement):—
"Speckled Sussex COCK Pullet, LAYING."

"SHEFFIELD DAILY TELEGRAPH":—
"She stepped to the back of her car, and began to WIND UP THE ENGINE."

"WOLVERHAMPTON EXPRESS AND STAR":—
"Arrangements are being made for the ENLARGEMENT and Provision of an Additional Committee for PARTIES IN THE COUNCIL Chamber."

"YORKSHIRE TELEGRAPH AND STAR":—
"Our Gardening Hints . . . Next week: Lifting SALSIFY and parsnips."

Mr. MACPHERSON, UNDER-SECRETARY FOR WAR (according to *Globe* and *North Star*, reports):—
"The total number of prisoners of war taken by the British on all fronts up to Nov. 20th was:—Germans, 16,102; Austrians and Bulgarians, 2,602; Turks, 45,168; Native Soldiers and Followers, 8,052. TOTAL, 180,951."

"DAILY EXPRESS":—
"The markets are empty, and the prices of such things as remain are impossibly high."

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, *19th August*, 1916.

"Those Egypt Lately Come."

The men of the 69th General Hospital, at Sidi Bishr, Egypt, complain of the scale of their rations. The sick and wounded have sent forward statements of grievances which we trust the Commandant will investigate and rectify. Judging from what we hear, the place is more like a convict compound than a hospital.

A Damnable Order.

How long do the Officers of the 5th Manchester Regiment spend over their meals? Rather longer, we fancy, than the time granted to the men by a recent Order—Tommy being allowed only a quarter-of-an-hour for breakfast, and the same for dinner. Such haste is hardly conducive to digestion, even with rations on Lord Rhondda's scale.

For the Divisional General.

The Sergeants of the 1st Division, Royal Engineers, are being granted leave after periods of seven months' service, while the junior N.C.Os. and men are given it only after eighteen and sixteen months, respectively. We are told that this unfair differentiation is in consequence of a favour granted by the C.R.E., and we should like to know what the Divisional General has to say about it.

The Victims of St. Ives.

A patient of the St. Ives V.A.D. Hospital has been seriously reprimanded because this poor crippled fellow allowed a young lady to wheel his chair for a few yards through the principal street. We notice that the patients of this hospital are not permitted to enter any house without a pass; and that such places must be approved of by the Commandant. No Albert Hall receptions, cheers and thanks for services rendered by these poor devils—who have done, and are at least entitled to be treated as men.

The Patient's Rights.

We have complaints from many hospitals that the men cannot obtain cigarettes, postage stamps or stationery. There is an Army Order on the subject, and we would advise our Hospital Superintendents to look it up.

Sinn Feiners First.

Whoever is in charge of Bere Island, Co. Cork, should get some responsible person to keep an eye on the sergeants' mess. Tommy appears to be an outcast, while the civilian Sinn Feiner is welcomed as a guest. And the Sinn Feiner is a rebel Irishman, who would burn everything English—except English coal!

The Cost of the War.

Some of us wonder why we have to pay so much in taxes, and where the money is going to. Apropos, we are told that on the Curragh, in Co. Kildare, there are in the 1st Cavalry Reserve, 25 Sergeant-Majors walking about doing nothing, being "spares." At Newbridge, we understand, there are eighty Warrant Officers killing time in the same way. Is anybody in charge of the troops in Ireland?

Tommy's Comforts.

Some of our many philanthropic bodies might establish a free canteen, open day and night, at Southampton Docks. It frequently happens that soldiers arrive there late at night, or in the early hours, after a long train journey, and are dumped down in cold, cheerless sheds at the docks, with no chance of anything to eat or drink before 9 a.m., and then only when it is paid for. Surely something better can be done—or at least hot and cold water supplied for the use of the famished and chilled soldiers.

"One or Two Gathered Together"

At Chatham, in a tin church known as the Presbyterian Hall, we found an overcrowded mass of Tommies. The place is also overcrowded with rodents—that are not a bit too merciful, notwithstanding their presumable religious convictions. The Captain was complained to, and posted a notice reading: "Wanted, three cats, who are good ratters, for duty at Presbyterian Hall." If the rodents belonged to another faith, they might be banished by bell, Book and candle.

A Strange Ballot.

The men of the R.N.D. at Blandford are still wondering how the ballot for Christmas leave was worked, as they were not present at the dipping into the "lucky-bag." Twenty-four members of the unit were to be selected, and when the draw was made it was found that the lucky ones included twenty-one N.C.Os. and three ratings. We share the amazement of the unlucky great majority.

Shivering Sailors.

The crew of a Government ship, on her way from the East to Canada, were torpedoed in the Mediterranean. The fresh outfit they were provided with, to meet immediate requirements and then to face the Canadian winter, consisted of cotton underwear, cotton shirts, and very thin and cheap summer suits. When they arrived in the Dominion they were naturally half-frozen, and some of them were actually stricken down with pneumonia.

Maltese Complaints.

We regret to learn that a number of trawler ratings at Malta, having been refused the leave to which they were entitled, objected to go to sea, and were in consequence sent to detention. No British rating below Chief Petty Officer in Malta is allowed to enter a public-house, although the men of the Allied fleets have not this restriction placed upon them. There is much legitimate grousing on this station, and we would advise the Commander-in-Chief to look into the matter.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

A Girl-Wife.

An ex-Corporal who had been taken prisoner at Mons was finally discharged, medically unfit. He later succumbed to his wounds, and died at the age of twenty. He leaves a widow, and baby of eleven weeks old. His chum, also an ex-prisoner, appealed to us on the poor woman's behalf, and we did the utmost the means at our disposal would allow.

Acute Distress.

To watch a child die is an ordeal most terrible for any mother. In this case, the woman wrote us that that was her sad task, while her other children are not properly provided for, as she cannot work. She was in arrears with rent, but her anxiety was greatly lessened after her application reached us.

Waiting for Pension.

We sent assistance to a discharged soldier for whom, although unfit for work, no pension has been fixed. He has the anxiety of providing for two dependents, and despite his repeated applications to the War Pensions Committee and to Chelsea the poor fellow is still in suspense.

How *Can* it be Done?

A discharged man wrote us that he is receiving a pension of 16s. 3d. a week, out of which he has to face the problem of keeping alive a wife and seven children. Of course, we readily responded.

For the Children's Sake.

The mother of four little ones appealed to us to help her over an emergency. She finds it impossible with her small allowance to provide the necessities of the moment, as the advent of a little stranger has caused her to abandon her employment for a while. We gladly helped her.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

M.F., 1s.; A. F., 3d.; "Daddy Long Legs, No. 1 Company," 10s. 6d.; Mrs. S. O. (S. Africa), £1; "Actor and Actress," 10s.; O. R. (Hereford), 1s.; M. H. (Ripon), £1; Anon., 2s.; J. P. (Glasgow), 4s.; "A Missing H.A.C.'s Wife," 7s. 6d.; Collected from Crew of s.s. *Delaware* (per J. M.), £5; K. S. W., 2s.; Mrs. R., 6d.; W. T. C. (Glasgow), 1s.; A. H. (Yorks), 5s.; Anon. (Lincoln), 5s.; "Fussie," 2s. 6d.; S. A. N. (Devonport), 2s.; E. O., 2s.; A. T. L. (Somerset), 1s. 3d.; "Gran," 1s. 6d.; N. M. (Scarborough), 1s.; Xmas Gift from the Funds of Reading Room, Naval Base, Falmouth, £5; N. C. C. (Chiswick), 1s.; Mrs. A. McF., 5s.; Anon., 1s.; "Lyo" 10s.; H. M. (Lincoln), 2s. 6d.; "Auntie," 2s. 6d.; A. B. (Chatham), 2s. 6d.; D. F. (Kent), 5s.; R. O. (Renshaw), 2s. 6d.; A. J. S. (Woolwich), 5d; C. B. (E. Greenwich), £1; R. P. (Bristol), 2s. 6d.; W. D. (Aberdeen), 2s. 6d.; F. S. S.-S., £3 3s.; "Two Friends" (Golder's Green), 4s.; "George and Old Bill," 5s.; A. R., 1s.; "An Old Maid's Winnings," 2s 6d.; E. E. S. (Plymouth), 10s.; S. O., 1s.; "Punch," 5s.; "Bowcroft Batt. League of Justice," 15s.; N. W. (Gravesend), £1 1s.; Collected in the Laddie Millar Y.M.C.A. Hut, Shorncliffe, £1 12s; "Pamela," 6d.; "Teacher," 4s.; s.s. *Mauvang* (Hongkong), £16; "Xmas Gift," £1 1s.; "A Bereaved Mother," 7s. 2d.; Collection in Clearing House, A.P.O., York, 16s. 3d.; T. G. C., 5s.; G. H. (Baxhill), 1s.; W. A. A. C. (Eltham), 14s. 6d.; Ceylon Planters' One Day's Pay Fund, £6; "Poor Grimbarian," 10s. 6d.; "A Sister of Two Khakis," 4s.; "X. Y. Z." £1; L. P. (Grimsby), 1s.; E. P. (N. Devon), 1s.; E. D. (Forest Gate), 2s. 6d.; E. F. (St Albans), 1s.; "Marie and Mary," 5s.

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January 1918

For Particulars see Coupon

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(January 5th, 1918.)

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Good
Things
Economy, Patriotism and Pleasure are combined in the use of Gibbs's Toilet Specialities. To introduce you to, or renew your acquaintance with these good things
Generous Trial Samples
of Gibbs's Dentifrice, the delicious solid French Dentifrice, unrivalled for whitening the teeth and sweetening the breath. Gibbs's Cold Cream Shaving Soap, which ensures an easy comfortable shave in hot or cold water; and Cold Cream Soap, most delicious and soothing for the Bath and Toilet, sent on receipt of 4d. in stamps.
Gibbs's
Dentifrice
Cold Cream Soap and Shaving Soap.
D. & W. GIBBS, Ltd. (Dept. A 13),
Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E.1.

Foster Clark's
You simply add water
2d Soups

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND [illegible] COMMUNICATIONS, TYPEWRITTEN AND ON ONE SIDE OF THE PAPER ONLY, ARE MORE LIKELY TO BE PUBLISHED. CHEQUES ONLY SHOULD BE FORWARDED IN PAYMENT OF SUBSCRIPTIONS. LETTERS INTENDED FOR INSERTION IN THIS ISSUE OF "JOHN BULL" SHOULD REACH THE OFFICE NOT LATER THAN FIRST POST ON [illegible] MORNING. [illegible] RELATING TO [illegible] OR PUBLISHING MATTERS, [illegible] ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR, "JOHN BULL," 93, FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C. [illegible] DEALING WITH [illegible] SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE PUBLISHER, [illegible] LONDON. [illegible] FOR THE SAKE OF THE LAST COMMUNICATIONS, POSTAL ORDERS OR COUPONS SHOULD NOT BE ENCLOSED. POST CARDS WILL NOT BE ANSWERED, AND SHOULD BE AVOIDED.

THE EDITOR begs to return thanks for the many Christmas and New Year's greetings received from readers, and regrets he is unable to acknowledge them individually. To each and all he says, "The same to you."

"A BARRIER SOLDIER."—We do not doubt that there has been dirty work in Russia from the first, and that much of our aid to her has gone to strengthen the Hun armies. But now we have cut ourselves clear of the Muscovite until he is once more clothed and in his right mind.

CPL. S.—"Still the world goes round, and JOHN BULL comes out every week." Yes, we have much to be thankful for.

W. G. B. (Ashford).—"You should commission an artist to paint a picture depicting all the horrors perpetrated by the Huns." Not enough artists, not enough canvas, and not enough red paint.

C. B. (Dublin).—Certainly we sympathise with a tenant turned out after 20 years' occupancy. But, you see, from what measures passed here, Ireland prefers to be excluded.

MRS. H. C. (Leeds).—The queues are disgraceful, and a sad trial to women in a weak state. Hope they are ending in Leeds, if not in London. Our sympathy with you, soldier's wife and mother of five boys.

A. J. W. (Tooting).—So you are still having Visions, otherwise Seeing Things. But why head your reports "By the Grace of," etc.? Gave us quite a turn.

F. W. S. (Sarlingham).—Work done on Sundays on behalf of our brave defenders sanctifies that day to a degree far beyond anything so-called religious observance could achieve. All honest work is prayer, but work for Jack and Tommy is true Christian worship.

"BOMAR" (Holbeck).—On the whole, the economic condition of the working people of this country is to-day better than it was before the war. But only by making the right sort of peace—a victorious one—will it be possible to prevent a set-back.

"A STUDENT OF ASTROLOGY" (Ayr).—"Is the Kaiser dead?" Not yet. But we guess he's feeling pretty sick.

J. C. C. (Tooting, S.W.).—We have read Dr. Heyman Watford's laboured and unconvincing appeal to the Scriptures to disprove the Editor's belief that an heroic death for a righteous cause may be accepted as an atonement for a life of sin. Did not Christ Himself say that to lay down his life for his friend is the greatest thing a man can do?

"CONSTANT READER." (Portsmouth).—"I know I ought to send some money, but got none." That's done it.

M. F. (Naas, Co. Kildare).—Do you think the United States would be bothered with Ireland? We *should* smile! The Australian Irish have published their opinion of Sinn Fein. Perhaps this will bring some of the seditious boys to their senses.

R. O'C. (Carlisle).—Surely it is needless to say that the King is utterly out of sympathy with his bloodthirsty cousin the Kaiser. If the war results in "crushing" the Prussian Bully, it will be on the end of a rope, and as high as Haman.

"MENTAL NURSE." (Leicester).—Sorry if we've upset you. Try a peppermint.

"DISCONTENTED GUNNER." (Hull).—"Trying to develop second sight," you tell us to relieve you of "two millionaires who are following you about." Why not relieve them of a life? Try this lucky next time—or send them on to us.

R. W. (Cory Cross, Lewes).—"As for the poor German prisoners, it's our duty to get them free and give them a share of the best." And you send us "Best love." We must not be rude to a woman, but it is a near thing this time.

J. E. T. (Nottingham).—"Some two or three years ago you had a cartoon depicting Lloyd George as a snake in the grass." Great snakes, no, never!

"CHIEF OFFICER" (Portland Harbour).—"Why not comb out the music-hall jumblies and give the jobs to torpedoed ship-masters and officers?" Carried, nem. con.

W. S. (Leeds).—Any music-hall manager paying men 1s. 6d. a night (five hours) to keep order, is a swindler, and himself needs calling to order.

A. H. H. (London).—"I am informed you undertake the solving of acrostics and puzzles." Your informant took undue liberties with the truth.

GUNNER G. C. (Hyderabad).—Quite right; any Britons shirking their bit in Ireland are as much out of place as Irish shirkers here. In bites both ways.

"GUNNY BAGS." (Fermoy).—For "the politest English" we should back Sunray against Montmorency—especially round about the Nose Cut.

"AN ENGLISH READER." (Cork).—"I happened to be present at the Cork Opera House yesterday." That is your way of putting it, of course, but we have more than a suspicion that you walked into the place on purpose.

MRS. M. M. T. (Evanton).—Forgive us, dear lady, if we say that that "big sturdy soldier" was pulling your shapely leg.

C. C. (Bromsbury).—We regard all quack remedies with suspicion, and your wife's payment of £7 5s. for a "Vivi" treatment was a most expensive hint to her to know better next time.

F. W. M. (Kemp Town).—Lord Rothermere has already "made good" as Air Minister. British progress in flying already owes much to the Harmsworth family. It will owe more before the war is over.

J. A. (Saskatoon).—The chief form of spiritualism we are interested in at the moment is, how to get a drop of decent whisky at a reasonable price.

"A MERCHANT SAILOR." (Falmouth).—That railway man seems to have annoyed you, and we are "to wipe him down well." Yes, and we'll mop him up, too.

E. H. B. (Clifton).—It is indeed a significant fact that Russia began to go to pieces from the time vodka was prohibited. In point of fact, the Russian lost his spirits as soon as he lost his spirit.

"DIABETIC AND FOREIGNER," well known in North and Midlands, suffered from sunstroke in Mesopotamia, but is getting on better now. Wants friends to know he is in Hospital, Bombay.

"[illegible] ([illegible] Navy).—"A strong [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]." What would D.O.R.A. say?

Letter Bag.

of his numerous correspondents.

Pte. C. (Redcar).—"I came back wounded, and when I wanted to see my people, I had to pay full fare, 38s." Grossly and abominably unfair.

Pte. A. B. (3rd C.C.B.).—Your "chat from an Italian Canadian Tommy" was kindly read and welcomed. But 2,000 words in French would not interest all our readers, old son. *Voilà! Pas deuil!*

M. T.—"This finishes my writing." High time, too, considering you commenced by calling us "Dear Saviour."

"A Wounded Soldier."—We quite believe that "discretion is a pig," but if we said more it might get you into trouble.

"Stay at Home" (Bristol).—"Sir Arthur Yapp says milk is not needed in tea. As we can't get sugar, what is needed?" The next Yapp may be that hot water is not needed. Take your tea dry, and chew it.

Miss E. B. (Bedminster).—"Can you advise me what to do with this card—a 'Do Not Break the Chain' card?" Yes, burn it.

"Lifeboat" (Liverpool).—Having written a letter of nearly 10,000 words to a daily paper, you kindly send us a copy. Send us the paper blank next time; we could use that.

"A. Reader" (Westbury).—"I hope I am not too late for your 'Candid Communications' this week." Not at all. You will find them waiting for you.

"Gratitude" (Liverpool).—It was a gross affront to your patriotism to offer you so much to eat. Perhaps the waitress saw trouble.

A. M. T. (Folkestone).—Sorry we cannot precisely perceive your purport: Next time you are minded to write us, try before breakfast instead of after supper.

P. S. (Romford).—Your friend is wrongly informed. There are no restrictions as to the number of JOHN BULL Pens you may apply for.

"Constant Reader" (Inverness).—That the old lady of 70 should be evicted into the cold from her home at Invergordon by the agents of Henderson, of Fearn, is a disgrace to the Highlands. No wonder the neighbourhood is aroused.

"Royal Fusilier."—Temple, Maddox Street, offers to take your red nose in hand for 14s., if you fill up his "Symptom Blank." Leave his blanky Blank blank, and keep your money.

"Grocery Girls" (Norwich).—Both customers' and assistants' nerves are a bit jangled these times, and a little mutual irritation is excusable. But we rather enjoy purchasing our modest 2 ozs. of tea, for the dear girl who serves us is so sweet that we always forget to ask for sugar.

G. J. (Edmonton).—At the death, unmarried, of the first Earl Kitchener, the barony created in 1898 became extinct, but his brother still has plenty of titles, which are too lengthy to specify.

"A Fleetwood Armourer."—A Vicar who calls the "Conchy" a braver man than the soldier in the trenches, and at the same time wallows in a living of £800 net per annum, is what we call a pulpit pest and an object of disgust.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose announcement appears in JOHN BULL, i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment. If any reader can prove that he or she has been misled, and if any matter can be proved to be misrepresentation in our columns, we will refund the purchase money forwarded in such circumstances, including the cost of the return journey. All communications should be addressed Guarantee Manager, Advertisement Department, 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

COMPANY MEETING.

SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMOND CORPORATION (LIMITED).

DEBIT BALANCE WIPED OUT—DIAMOND CUTTING IN ENGLAND—DIVIDEND EXPECTATIONS.

At the Annual Meeting of the South African Diamond Corporation, held at Kimberley, on the 12th December, 1917, Mr. G. Scott Ronaldson, who presided, said, in moving the adoption of the report and balance-sheet for the year ended June 30th last:—

I wish, first of all, to express my sincere regret at the loss the corporation has sustained in the death of my old friend and partner, Mr. McGill, who was my alternate on the board. When I addressed you last I thought that hostilities would have ceased by the time we held our next meeting, and that, in consequence, a more settled business policy all the world over would then prevail. In this, as you are all aware, I have, with the rest of mankind, been disappointed, and when the accounts to June 30th were made up I thought that I would to-day have to give you a somewhat discouraging report. You are aware that owing to the many difficulties of transport there are great delays in communication, and, in consequence, great interference with business. I am all the more glad, therefore, to come before you to-day, and to be able to tell you that in five months of your new financial year from July 1st to the end of November the profits are £25,000. This more than wipes off the debit balance, and if the remaining seven months are equally satisfactory (of which I have very good hopes) you will be able to receive your first dividend next year.

LARGE AND VALUABLE HOLDINGS.

Your accounts in themselves are very much more favourable than last year. It is, for obvious reasons, impossible to give you details of our holdings, as our doing so might seriously handicap us in our various schemes, but you may rest assured that we have very large and valuable holdings both in the diamond properties and in the Far-Eastern Rand, and I am emboldened to state that you can look forward to great prosperity as soon as this terrible war is a thing of the past. One thing I have to mention particularly which is of great interest to your corporation, and in this I am not giving away any trade secrets. You have no doubt seen in the newspapers that our chairman, Mr. Bernard Oppenheimer, in conjunction with his firm, Lewis and Marks, have opened a training school for teaching legless men the art of diamond cutting. The firms named are doing this at their own expense, but they have given your corporation the option to acquire the various factories which they will establish, at absolute cost price, and they have further guaranteed any additional working capital out of the reserve shares of your corporation. We, the company, have reserved to ourselves the right to offer these shares to shareholders in the corporation *pro rata*. I must comment on the outlines of the scheme, which has great possibilities.

You are aware that 90 per cent. of all the diamonds found in the world come from our colonies, and it has always been a wonder to me and others why no cutting factories existed in England. When I had the pleasure of meeting the chairman, shortly before the war, when I was in Europe, I discussed this matter very fully with him, and I argued for the establishment of such factories, not alone in England, but also in South Africa. As you are aware, Mr. Oppenheimer has the welfare of South Africa absolutely at heart, as have also his firm of Lewis and Marks. We thrashed this matter out, and I am bound to confess that I had to agree with the chairman's views that there are very great difficulties in the way of establishing a cutting industry in South Africa. Sometimes buyers of rough diamonds have to keep certain qualities for years until they come into demand again; at other times certain colours have to be cut into fancy shapes, and the fashion changes so quickly that one has seriously to consider whether the Cape is not too far away from the world's markets.

DIAMOND-CUTTING SCHEME.

When I discussed this matter there was, of course, no talk or thought of war, and the parties concerned had no intention of interfering with industries that had been established for centuries in Holland and Belgium. They were importers solely of rough, which they sold to the cutters, and there the matter finished for them. Since, however, this awful calamity of war has happened, and since it is known that 2,000 or 3,000 workmen existed in Germany as diamond-cutters, the idea has taken hold of us all, and you will admit rightly so, to take away as much as we can from Germany during the war, and with this object in view this scheme was inaugurated by Mr. Oppenheimer, with the full co-operation and consent of the Ministry of Pensions. I am informed that the men are going on very well, and the firms named have guaranteed to the Government to pay the men the same wages as the Dutchmen and Belgians receive. It is, therefore, no exploitation of the men, although, naturally, the scheme is drawn up on a commercial basis, as it would be no use starting a scheme like this merely for training the man and not providing work for him when trained.

I am again authorised by the chairman to say that this scheme does not involve any competition against Belgium, our Ally, or against Holland. We feel that after the war there will be room for everyone to live in peace, but it is our endeavour not only to create an industry for some of our disabled soldiers, but to wrest from the Germans that portion of the cutting industry formerly located in Germany.

In connection with the scheme I may further mention that our friends the De Beers Co. and the London Diamond Syndicate are in full accord with us, and not alone have given their full moral support, but have also offered handsome cash contributions if required. The chairman tells me that he is indebted to these two groups, and more especially to Mr. Louis Reversbach, who went out of his way to do as much as possible to forward the scheme the moment it was broached to him. I do not say the De Beers Co. and the Diamond Syndicate will not be called upon to pay anything, but I may mention that it is really difficult to determine for the moment what should be done.

FACTORY AT WORK.

Training the men and then not providing them with employment would be of no use, and the chairman, with his firm, erected a diamond-cutting factory and is now already producing brilliants. The actual training and the cutting charges run into each other, and cannot for the moment be separated until all the training is finished, and, if then there should be a loss on the training, I have no doubt our friends will be only too pleased to contribute very handsomely. Having said so much, it will be quite clear to you that the promoters of the scheme run all the risks and will only let you come in at cost price when the matter is an accomplished fact and when it has been proved to be a payable one. I must therefore congratulate you on the contract we have made for you, and I feel certain that it will be eventually a very big thing for the corporation.

After having heard my remarks regarding this scheme, and also bearing in mind the various other big interests we hold in this country, both in gold and diamonds, I feel you will agree with me that your company can really look forward to a brilliant future, and that I am not erring on the optimistic side in my statements.

During the past few months Mr. J. Van Praagh has been elected a director of this corporation, and I feel sure the board and yourselves will all benefit from his advice and knowledge in the development of our schemes.

BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £250

2ND PRIZE £25 | **£10 3RD PRIZE**

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10/-	50 PRIZES OF 10/-	400 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3,000 SPECIAL TARGET PRIZES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."—First choose any of the 32 examples given below. Then find FOUR words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any FIVE of the words selected must begin with any letter in the alphabet, three consonants and two vowels in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet. Three examples are given you:—Example:—TAKING ACTION. Bullet:—WITHOUT SAYING. Example:—PAID. Bullet:—DEALINGS WITH MONEYLENDER. Competitions may be sent in Two BULLETS on one coupon for the same Example. If more coupons are used an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will appear in our issue dated January 26th, 1918. This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYYOMAN'S WEEKLY dated January 5th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 268.

BRITISH SAILORS	PLAYING THE GLOWER	BEHIND THE COUNTER	[illegible]
WHAT EVERYBODY'S SAYING	JUST AS GOOD	HASTY GENERATION	FATHER'S CHARGES
A GOOD BEGINNING	LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT	FILLING THE BERTHS	GOING TO WAR
AFTER CHRISTMAS	NOT FOUND OUT	ROOM TO LET	EARLY TAKE
WEIGHING THINGS UP	KNOWING CHILD	POOR SHOW	ALL BEHIND
WITHOUT ASKING	BLOOMING CHEEK	[illegible]	[illegible]
LIKE A WOMAN	SUGAR AND TEA	TAKING ACTION	DEALING FOR ANOTHER
ON PAY-DAY	SOON REGRETTED	DEAR TO THEIRS	THE KAISER FEARS

No.____ Example_____ Bullet_____

Example_____ Bullet_____

(268) P.O. No._____ I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below. If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed_____ Address_____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 268 "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

Closing Date, Thursday, January 17th.

No.____ Example_____ Bullet_____

Example_____ Bullet_____

(268) P.O. No._____ I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below. If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed_____ Address_____

Closing Date, Thursday, January 10th.

No.____ Example_____ Bullet_____

Example_____ Bullet_____

(268) P.O. No._____ I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below. If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed_____ Address_____

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found two more examples for Next Week's "Bullets" Competition No. 269. These can be used on the coupons already issued, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, JANUARY 17th, 1918. Please note that all coupons so used MUST be clearly marked with the number 269 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons MUST be addressed "Bullets" No. 269, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons MUST NOT contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 269.

THE NEW YEAR	SHY YOUNG MAN	TOO MUCH TALK	LANGUAGE OF LOVE
AFTER THE MEN	NOT WINNING	PLEASANT READING	PRINCIPAL GIRL
FOOD QUEUES	PROUD FATHER	TOMMY'S HELPING	A FAIR POSER
SHOULD BE STOPPED	WITHOUT A EATON	HAVING HER FLING	EVERYBODY LIKES
WHAT NEXT?	WHAT GROCER DOES	BITTER ENEMY	THE KAISER DOUBTS

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be enclosed in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute impartiality will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of Bullet Judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of competition must be accepted as final, and all loyalty binding to the acceptance of the conditions of this Competition.

RESULT OF 265th "BULLETS" COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:
Miss M. B. HOUGHTON,
48, [illegible],
Skipton, Yorks-on-Trent.
Example:—LOVE AND WAR.
Bullet:—LOVE MAKES THINGS DEAR.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:
Mr. F. HATFIELD,
102, Military Road, Ashford.
Example:—GETTING ANGRY.
Bullet:—PEOPLE "ABOUT" SHOPPING.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:
Mr. REED BUTTERWORTH,
c/o [illegible],
St. [illegible].
Example:—LOVE AND WAR.
Bullet:—PROFITEERS SPOIL THE COMBINATION.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:
Miss LILIAN GIBSON, 40, Grange Gardens, Paddington.
SHOPPING OUT—HAVING GREAT ANXIETY.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mr. W. T. ADAMS, Wages Branch, King Edward Building, London:
PEACE AND GOODWILL—TWINS WE'D ALL ADORE.
Mr. G. BEALE, 20, D Armada St., Deptford, London, S.E.:
IN EVERYBODY'S MOUTH—"DRINK EARLY TO-NIGHT!"
Mr. S. HANCOCK, "The Gladdens," Pinden, Essex:
LOVE AND WAR—EVERYONE TRIES TWO SIDES.
Mr. R. GUSTARD, 33, Rye Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne:
SAVING NO—POLITICIAN, EITHER TWO CRUMBS.
Mr. D. JONES, Grosvenor Buildings, Shaw Vale, Rhondda:
BADLY DONE—JOB GOVERNMENT GIVES GAIN.
Regt. Q.M.S. F. G. COUSINS, Highlands, Cheddon Fitzpaine, Taunton:
WHAT PREVENTS WARS—THE ADVANCE OF TRUE'AR CHRISTIANITY.
Mr. T. W. EVANS, 7, Wellington Ter., Earl's Court, London, S.W.:
WHERE BOTTOMLEY SPEAKS—SAVE, QUIT WORK, CHAIR.
Mr. A. E. WARWICK, 2, Orchardleigh, Highworth, Swindon:
NICE AND WARM—THEN WHAT HEARS BOMBS.
Mr. A. SAUNDERS, 78, York Terr., Tredegar, Mon.:
LOVE AND WAR—BOTH BLIND TO REASON.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:
Mr. A. COOPER, 1, Rustrel Terrace, Scarborough:
WHAT PREVENTS WAR — "INCREASING WAGES" TOGETHER.
Mr. A. COOPER, 2, James Street, Seaton, Staff.:
SAVING NO—TO GRATEFUL NURSE'S DEVOTION.
Mrs. WALTER FOX, 12, Wellington Street, Lindley, Huddersfield:
ON THE CARDS—PEOPLE'S BIBLE — PROFITEERING.
Mr. A. MACDERMOTT, 86, Faithville Gdns., London, W.:
WHERE THE MONEY GOES—TO "SETTLE ACCOUNTS ABROAD."
Mrs. NELLIE PARSONS, 43, Gordon Avenue, St. Margarets:
AFTER A KISS—WAR DRIVES HOME FROM RUSSIA.
Mrs. M. THOMPSON, 194, Long Hedden Road, Ilkeston:
SWEET AS SUGAR—TILL GERMANY'S DESTROYED RUSSIA.
Mrs. J. MCKENZIE, 4, East London Street, Edinburgh:
FATHER'S COMPLAINT—THE SONS "EVADED DOUBLE."
Mrs. PERCY VENN, Beeston, Notts.:
WHERE BOTTOMLEY SPEAKS—OTHERS REWARDS HIM.
Mr. M. OKE, 9, St. Hedes, East Boldon:
AFTER A KISS—LONGER INTERVAL, WORSE MISS.
Mr. J. DAVIDSON, 40, Dickson Street, Leith, N.B.:
NEEDS ADVERTISING—RECRUIT SAVE BULL FROM BEARS.

Complete List of All Cards and Other Prizes [illegible] in spite of the Offices of "John Bull."

NO SLEEP FOR COUGHING

Boy's Stubborn Bronchial Cough Cured

Mrs. Jenkins, 60, Carminia Road, Balham, London, S.W., says: "Some time ago I had a little grandson staying with me at the seaside, and while there he caught a very severe cold which soon developed into a hard bronchial cough. It really was a most violent cough, and gave the poor child no rest night or day. Though I tried a lot of things nothing brought any relief until at last I gave him Veno's. He had been suffering for quite a while then, and I was beginning to get alarmed about him. He could not sleep for coughing.

"But when I gave him Veno's it was truly wonderful how quickly relief followed. Almost from the first dose the cough became easier, and in quite a short time he was completely cured and as well as ever."

Master Jenkins.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure instantly relieves and speedily cures:

INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, LUNG TROUBLES, COUGHS AND COLDS,

11½d. A Bottle.

ASTHMA, BLOOD-SPITTING, NASAL CATARRH, WHOOPING COUGH, DIFFICULT BREATHING.

Larger sizes, 1/3 and 3/-. The 3/- size is the most economical. Of Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including Leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India. Insist on having Veno's, and refuse all substitutes.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

"VITA" CIGARETTE MAKER.

Makes 25 FILTERED or MOUTHPIECE, or 25 ordinary cigarettes instantly (with cigarette papers or tubes) with 1 oz. tobacco; equals 7 for 1d. Best tobacco, 4 for 1d. Filtered cigarettes prevent Sore Throats, and save 20 per cent. tobacco, as there is No waste. Any tobacco can be used. Only weight 1 oz. Fits in Cigarette Case. LADIES can use it.

Best Gift for the TROOPS

Prices: Nickel 1/3. Silverplated 1/9. Silver 5/-. Paper tubes 1,000 1/10; 500 1/-. post free. New supply in, no waiting

KNIGHT'S VITA (Dept. J.), Limehill Rd., Tunbridge Wells.

Made at HAMMERSMITH

OSRAM

G.E.C. DRAWN WIRE LAMPS

Exclusively the Product of BRITISH CAPITAL BRITISH LABOUR BRITISH MATERIAL

The OSRAM-ROBERTSON LAMP WORKS

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD

Write for patterns post free of Suits, Overcoats, Costumes, Ladies' and Children's Raincoats, Dress Materials, Household Drapery, etc., or Catalogues of Watches and Jewellery, Furs, Workers' and Boys' Clothing, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Prams, Cycles, Tyres, Gramophones and Records, Tea and Dinner Services, Sewing Machines, and Poultry Appliances, etc., etc.

EASY TERMS — J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving absolutely **FREE OF CHARGE**, an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, or BLOCKADE.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount to the insured, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be endorsed on the back of the coupon, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home, the address of which must be registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000 and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

This Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named.	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye	£100
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks.	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENTS.

To..... Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address.....

Jan. 5, 1918.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded for acknowledgment of receipt of coupon in case of death.

REGISTRATION FORM.

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, LONG ACRE, W.C.2

This is to notify that I have this day place an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address of home .....

.....

Jan. 5, 1918.

£25 REWARD

WANTED, the Copies of "JOHN BULL" for Dec. 29, 1917, bearing on the Covers the numbers 007,698, 183,427, 491,691, 932,428, and 1,584,320. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid the sum of £5. Apply, THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, W.C.2.

1-2-12 hours-more-

smoking and no "Tongue Bite" if you send your boy T.M. tooth powder or paste. T.M. will keep his teeth white and mouth sweet and removes smokers "Tongue Bite." Send him

T.M. the standard DENTIFRICE

—for Everybody. Use it yourself.

Powder 6d. tins. Paste 1/- tubes. All Chemists, or Christys (J B.), Old Swan Lane, E.C.

BANISH YOUR GREY HAIR

NOTICE TO GREY-HAIRED MEN AND WOMEN

Free Distribution of 1,000,000 "Astol" Gift Outfits

Discovery that Restores Lost Natural Colour to the Hair.

Public Invitation to Write To-day for a Free Trial Outfit.

THE above Gift is yours to-day merely for the asking. It is a valuable "Back-to-Youth" present for all who are Grey-Haired already or just beginning to go grey. It makes you look years younger, and enhances your prospects of success in all walks of life.

Although a comparatively new discovery, "Astol" is already known to and has been used by millions of grey-haired men and women. Its immediate success is due to various causes.

(1) "Astol" is the discovery of the well-known London hair specialist, who introduced the world-famed "Harlene Hair-Drill," in itself a powerful recommendation and guarantee.

(2) It is neither a dye nor a stain, both of which are rightly held in abhorrence by every man and woman of refined and sensitive temperament. Dyes and stains are messy and ineffective, and their use is easily detected.

FREE TO THE GREY-HAIRED

No one need hesitate about using "Astol." It does not colour the hair; it makes the hair re-grow its own natural colour. You can put it to the test yourself without expense. Cut out and post the Free Gift Coupon to-day, enclosing only 3d. stamps for postage and packing of the Free Parcel.

(3) It is physiological in its action, and does not merely PAINT the hair shaft. It has a powerful action on enfeebled and atrophied colouring cells, and restores their youthful vigour and healthy functional activity.

(4) "Astol" is itself an absolutely clear and colourless liquid, supplied in dainty bottles. It does not give temporarily a FALSE colour to the hair, but brings back its NATURAL colour and lustre.

HOW GREY HAIR HANDICAPS.

These are very real and potent reasons for the triumph of "Astol" over old-fashioned and "messy" stains, dyes, and tints, and must at once make a strong appeal to every intelligent man and woman.

No man or woman can see their hair going grey without a pang. The appearance of grey hair too often sounds the death-knell of many hopes, aspirations, and ambitions. Whether it arise from shock, sickness, fright, anxiety, or the natural passing of the years, it is a cause for regret, and in these strenuous, modern days may almost be said to carry a stigma. At any rate, it is often a bar to social, professional, and commercial success.

If you are troubled with any of these signs:—

PATCHY GREYNESS,
WHITE HAIR,
STREAKY GREYNESS,
GREYNESS OVER THE EARS,
TEMPLE GREYNESS,
LONG-STANDING GREYNERS,

lose no time in sending for your Trial Supply of "Astol," now offered free to all readers of "John Bull."

Try "Astol" for yourself. Get it free by adopting one of these Free Trial Outfits. All you have to do is to cut out the Coupon below and post it (with 3 penny stamps for postage and packing of parcel).

After you have once seen for yourself the effect of "Astol," you can obtain further supplies from any chemist the world over at 3s. and 5s. per bottle; "Cremex" 1s. and 2s. per box of seven packets (single packets 2d. each), or direct post free on remittance from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1. Carriage extra on foreign and colonial. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed.

FREE GIFT "ASTOL" COUPON.

Cut out and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

DEAR SIRS,—Please send me a Free Trial Supply of "Astol" and packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, with full instructions as announced in "John Bull." I enclose 3d. stamps for postage and packing.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a piece of paper, pin this Coupon to it, and post as directed above.

John Bull, 5/1/18. *(Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")*

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